

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1941, June 2, 1956

JUDY SWIMS TO THE FORE

Britain's backstroke champion talks to the CN

Never before has Britain had such a long list of top-class swimmers; at all distances and in all events we can take on the world's best. And high on our list of champions is the name of Judy Grinham, 17-year-old holder of the national backstroke record, who was interviewed the other day at her home in Neasden, Middlesex, by one of our Sports Correspondents.

A TALL tousle-haired girl in blue jeans and thick white sweater answered the front door. Struggling to pull back the golden spaniel whose one ambition was to lick my nose, Judy Grinham gave a gasp of horror.

"Oh dear," she said, her hand flying to her mouth. "I'm afraid I'd forgotten all about you coming." She waved apologetically at her clothes. "I've only just returned from swimming, and I've got a cold. I'm awfully sorry I'm not properly dressed, and . . . and won't you come in?"

By the time she had put the dog in another room, apologised once more for her clothes, and settled

don't think they had seen outfits like ours before."

"You see, as it was so cold we had put on our slacks. One girl's were bright green, another's were scarlet, and mine were tartan."

The people were all very friendly though, and Judy still has the little powder compact that was given to her by a complete stranger. She also has a number of badges she managed to collect, as well as the cut-glass bowl and display wallet of Russian stamps presented to each member of the team.

MOSCOW MEMORIES

She has vivid memories of her six-day stay in Moscow: the tombs of Stalin and Lenin; the Kremlin; the gala performance at the Bolshoi Theatre, where she saw Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev; and the races themselves, in which Judy beat the pick of Europe's backstroke swimmers and established herself as being among the four best in the world.

She will also remember the plane trip from Helsinki to Moscow, when smoke was seen coming from the luggage compartment. Judy helped to pile the cases into the aisle so that the steward could investigate; and you can imagine her relief when it was discovered that the smoke was caused by a piece of rubber-covered cable that had fused.

FIRST LESSONS

Describing this incident to me reminded Judy of how she first learnt to swim. She was eight when her father came home from the Middle East after the war and began to give her lessons in the local swimming pool, reached through the broken fence at the bottom of her garden.

One day Judy proudly returned home and announced that she had just swum a full width of the bath—"with my rubber ring, of course."

"Well done," said her mother. "Of course, you know that the rubber ring is perished and quite incapable of holding anyone up for more than a few moments!"

It was not long before Judy could swim quite well (with or without the useless ring), but it was not for another three years

Continued on page 2



A tall ship and a fair wind

The 3000-ton barque Pamir passing Falmouth Bay on her way up the English Channel. She was bound for Hamburg with a cargo of grain from South America.

HOT HIGHWAY

A road is to be heated up next winter in the first big experiment of its kind in Britain. It is a 70-foot stretch near the top of Ormesby Bank, near Middlesbrough, and has been chosen because icy conditions develop very quickly there and affect traffic in a busy industrial area.

Heat will be provided by electric elements laid below the surface.

SPECIAL EDITION

At a recent meeting of Towcester (Northants) Rural District Council a starling flew in through an open window, and after fluttering from beam to beam, laid an egg on the Press table.

TOUGH WATCH

In 1954 a watch was lost in a field on a Midlothian farm.

The field was later rolled and then harrowed by tractor, and then given a heavy treatment with artificial manure. The next year sheep and cattle grazed there.

The other day a shepherd noticed the rusty watch protruding through the soil. He took it to its owner, who wound it up and found, to his astonishment, that it was going as well as ever.

Now the watch has been sent to the Scottish works of the makers for a check-over, and the owner is to be given a handsome new one to mark the occasion.

GRANDMA TO THE RESCUE

An aged African woman in Northern Rhodesia recently tackled a fierce lioness that had struck down and mauled a man.

The lioness, which had seized a goat near their village and carried it off into the bush, had turned upon the man who followed her. Then the old woman, Annie Nyasgambo, came to the rescue. Armed only with a heavy stick, she beat the lioness on the head until it fell dead at her feet.

TOP NOTES

A Scottish teacher in Kenya, Donald McColman, carried his bagpipes all the way up Mount Kilimanjaro and played three Scottish airs at an altitude above 19,000 feet.

Mr. McColman was an instructor with a party of schoolboys making the climb.



Judy Grinham

herself in an armchair, Judy had regained her composure. After all, a girl who has swum in front of hundreds of people, travelled to Paris, Aalborg (Denmark), Antwerp, and Moscow, is hardly likely to be long upset because she has been caught in slacks and sweater.

Actually her slacks had caused her some embarrassment once before. It was while Judy and some other members of the English swimming team were sightseeing in Moscow last November. Judy and her companions noticed that they were being followed by quite a large crowd. They were not hostile, but Judy felt distinctly uncomfortable until she realised what was the cause of the attraction.

"Nearly everyone in Moscow seems to wear drab-coloured clothes," explained Judy, "and I

CHILDREN'S ROYAL ACADEMY

A SPIRITED display of pictures by very young artists is to be seen in this year's Children's Royal Academy. Launched in London's Guildhall, the exhibition is now at the Worthing Art Gallery (until June 16) and later in the year will be on view at Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, and Gateshead.

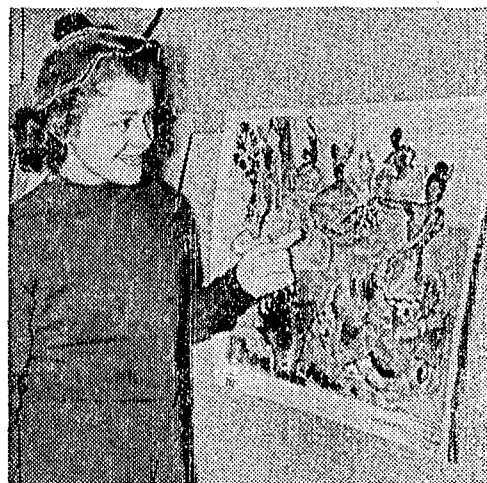
Among the pictures which have most impressed the critics is 12-year-old Naomi Claff's *The Ballerina*, for which she has been awarded the Princess Louise Gold Star Certificate. This painting has

of place. Her painting, *Sunlight and Shadow in a Wood*, is a delightful little landscape and it was awarded a Silver Star Certificate. Christine, who is still at Sunderland High School, hopes to become an art teacher.

Leslie Charlotte Benenson is only 14 but already an old hand at winning awards in the Children's Royal Academy for her animal pictures. She sent her drawing of Rota the lion to Sir Winston Churchill and received this reply, now framed and treasured: "Dear Miss Benenson. Pray accept my compliments on your drawing of Rota, and my warm thanks for your thought in sending it to me."

Altogether, 200 pictures are on view—chosen from 5000 entries, and they reflect the keen observation and lively minds of artists who are all under 17, and in some cases only four or five. Me in my Wedding Dress, Soldiers Marching, and A House on Fire are among the works by five-year-olds which have all won a Very Good label and show promise of Excellent.

As a whole, the Children's Royal Academy is a highly commendable venture and it would be sad if this year's should prove to be the last. Yet this is possible, for the Royal Drawing Society, which organises it, may cease to exist if £10,000 cannot be raised for new premises. The society is obliged to quit its present Kensington headquarters by June 30, and although another suitable building has been found, its survival there depends on friends coming to the rescue. Donations should be sent to the R.D.S., 12 Cromwell Place, South Kensington, London, S.W.7.



Naomi Claff with her picture of *The Ballerina*

captured the ballet dancer's grace in an amazing way.

Naomi is a pupil at Hasmore Grammar School, Hendon—a pupil who shines at Latin but confesses to a weakness in Maths. She told the CN that she herself would have liked to become a ballet dancer. For a time she took lessons, but they too often interfered with school work, and it was also feared that she was too big for a dancer; so the ballet for her became "such things as dreams are made on"—and an inspiration for her pictures.

She expressed admiration of the work of other prizewinners in the Children's Royal Academy, particularly for *The Fish Market*, which won the Founder's Prize for 15-year-old Gordon Archer of Beckenham Technical School.

Another chief prizewinner, Christine Wilkinson, aged 17, travelled from Sunderland to London to see her first effort for this Exhibition displayed in pride

SECRET SERVICE MUST BE SECRET

On two recent occasions it has been clearly shown that the powers of Parliament, adaptable as they are to cover most emergencies, do not extend to the control or workings of the Secret Service.

A Secret Service must be secret, otherwise it is useless. That point was made in the first case where two Foreign Office men fled to a foreign country.

It arose again when the Prime Minister refused to confirm or deny stories that a distinguished naval frogman had been sent to examine the hull of a Soviet cruiser anchored in Portsmouth.

In the first case a committee of seven Privy Councillors was set up to see how security arrangements could be improved. They issued a report, but it did not explain how the men got away, whether they were forewarned, or what they took with them.

The case of the frogman brought out the strange fact that, whatever he did to cost him his life—he was reported "missing, presumed dead"—was done without Government knowledge.

There are two points to remember about this. In the first place the Prime Minister of the day is personally responsible for the more important branches of the Secret Service. And he is, of course, answerable to Parliament.

But, secondly, there is a well-confirmed rule that M.P.s may not raise matters which are by their nature secret.

Like most Parliamentary rules, it is grounded on common sense. A Power—any Power—must protect its secrets and therefore its Secret Service.

Publicity is the enemy of secrecy. That is why there can never be any public debate on a State's security service.

What is the solution, if any? It is to remove suspicion and fear from the minds of men, to remove barriers between country and country, by having one World Government. We should then have no spies and no spy stories.

News from Everywhere

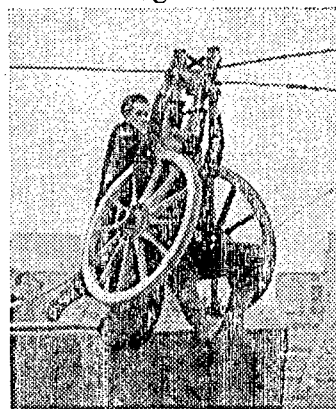
TEST SCORES BY TELEPHONE

The latest Test Match scores at Lord's and the Oval this year can be obtained by dialling WEBber 8811.

A French glider pilot, Major Fontailles, has broken the world distance record for a point-to-point glider flight by travelling 416 miles. The previous record was 395 miles.

Blackbirds and thrushes in the grounds of Ganston House, Retford, have shared the same nest. Four eggs of each were laid.

Field-gun race



The Fleet Air Arm team for the field-gun race against the Royal Navy in the Royal Tournament includes boxers, long-distance runners, and weight-lifters. Three of them are seen swinging part of the dismantled gun over an obstacle on the course.

In the Queen's message of goodwill to the Soviet Government her Majesty expresses the hope that the visit of the Soviet leaders to Britain, "will lead to improved friendship and understanding between our two countries and peoples . . ." The message was signed: "Your good friend Queen Elizabeth."

A fox has been seen in a street near the centre of Whitby.

NEW USE AND NEW NAME

Norton Pool, a disused reservoir near Brownhills, Staffordshire, is being converted into a big water sports centre. Already partly opened, it has been re-named Chase Water.

It has been found that ice treated with the drug Aureomycin keeps fish fresh ten days longer than ordinary ice.

Kenya's Tree Tops Hotel, burned down in 1954, is to be rebuilt in another tree near the original site. Two storeys high, it will have running water, electric light, and refrigeration.

MOUNT ETNA IS GROWING

Experts at Catania, Sicily, estimate that Mount Etna has increased nearly 96 feet in height owing to deposits of ash and lava.

Ducks, alligators, and other animals from China are being sent to this country in return for deer sent there last year from the London Zoo.

JUDY SWIMS TO THE FORE

Continued from page 1

that she thought of joining a club—the Hampstead Ladies S.C.

There was a small test to pass before joining, however, and club officials gathered as Judy slipped into the water. They watched her crawl-cum-trudge stroke, smiled sympathetically, and suggested she came back later. Not until her third application was Judy accepted.

When she was 13 the club coach advised her to concentrate on the backstroke and the next year (1953) she won the Middlesex backstroke championship.

And so to 1954, a year which appeared to hold so much promise and yet yielded so much dis-

appointment. Judy worked hard that season but all to no avail; she could not improve her times. Then two things happened quite quickly. She was introduced to Mr. Reg Laxton, one of Britain's leading coaches, and she had her tonsils out.

The combination of expert coaching and the removal of septic tonsils brought quick results. Within a couple of months Judy was pushing 16-year-old Margaret Edwards to breaking no less than 14 backstroke records in one race. Judy herself broke eight of the previous best times.

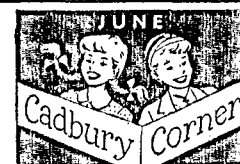
In May last year, however, Judy became Britain's fastest backstroke swimmer. After that she

remained undefeated until the very last race of the season, when the Dutch champion gained her revenge for the defeat in Moscow.

Earlier this year a family conference was called. The main item on the agenda: should Judy leave school to give all her time to training for the Olympics? It was a difficult decision, but the answer was unanimous.

So now, instead of sandwiching her swimming between the end of school lessons and homework, Judy is able to train at midday, when the pool is almost empty.

Little wonder that Judy is hoping for another, and very much longer, trip in November—and an Olympic medal.



Turn this into a picture

50 Big Cadbury Prizes A WHOLE YEAR'S SUPPLY OF CHOCOLATE!

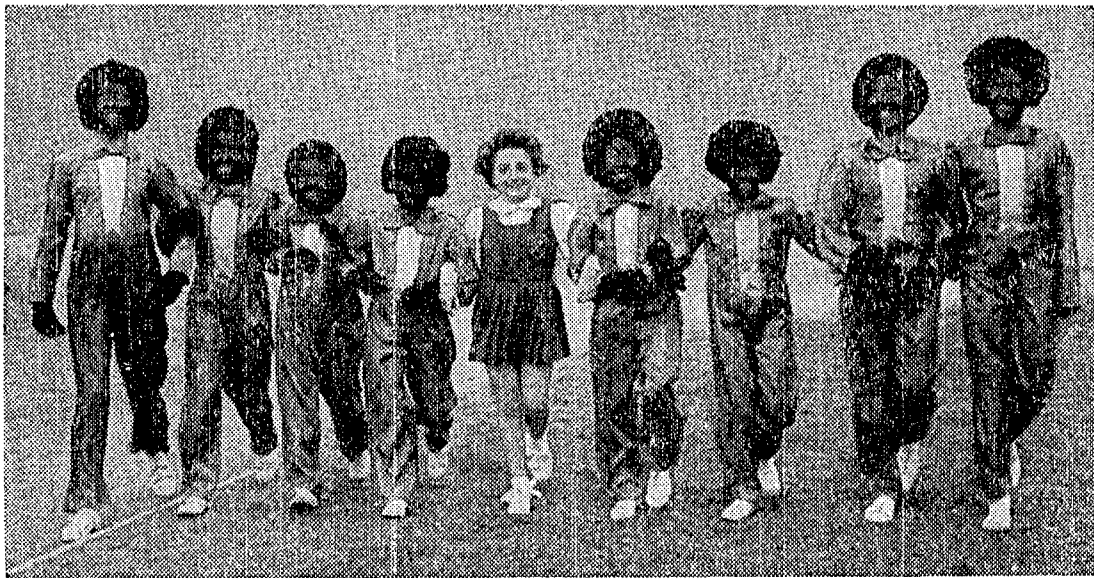
Copy the 'squiggle' carefully on to a postcard and add a few lines to make it into a picture—anything you like. The little drawing on the right shows you what could be done. Write your name, age and address clearly underneath your drawing and send the postcard (postage 2d.) to 'Squiggles', Cadburys, Dept. 23, Bournville, Birmingham, to arrive no later than June 30th. Prizes of a whole year's supply of Cadbury Chocolate will be awarded for the 50 entries judged to be the cleverest. This competition is open only to children under 16 living in Great Britain or Northern Ireland.



Hurray! A FREE GAME FOR YOUR THREE STAMPS!

This stamp completes a set of three (all different). The others have appeared in previous Cadbury Corners. If you've now got all three they entitle you to a FREE game from Cadburys. Choose *Cadbury Snap*, a fun-packed card game, or *Skidda-board*, a novel 'counter' game. Stick your three stamps on a postcard. Print on it your choice of game, together with your name, age and address. Send the postcard (postage 2d.) to 'Free Games', Cadburys, Dept. 23, Bournville, Birmingham. There's another stamp next month—so look out for July's Cadbury Corner.





Goliwogs on parade

Eight goliwogs, escorted by seven-year-old Pauline Carisch were seen recently at Morden in Surrey. All the children are pupils at the Doris Holford Stage School and were on their way to a lesson.

YOUNGEST SKIPPER

When Peter Fenty took the 250-ton trawler Vanessa out of Grimsby the other day he made history. At the age of 21 he had become Britain's youngest trawler skipper.

He is an orphan, and was adopted by Skipper Bill Harwood of Cleethorpes, who took him to sea as a deckhand. He worked hard and became a mate at 19, and then qualified for his skipper's certificate or "ticket."

Peter had training at the Grimsby Nautical School, and has been awarded the annual prize of a compass which goes to the youngest man to gain the ticket.

One of Peter's first acts as skipper was to radio his old friend's ship and tell him the good news.

200,000 SANDWICHES

Ten thousand schoolboys will be gathering at Skien, Norway, at the end of June for a great Musical Festival, and housewives in the neighbourhood are already making sandwiches for them!

Altogether it is reckoned that 200,000 sandwiches will be wanted, and deep-freeze storage will keep them fresh and appetising.

RECALLING BROOKLANDS

A memorial is to be set up beside the railway line near Weybridge, Surrey, to mark the site of the motor racing track at Brooklands, now overgrown with trees and grass.

Brooklands, built in 1907, was the scene of many British and International record-breaking feats. The lap record was held by the late John Cobb with a speed of nearly 152 m.p.h.

In 1946 the track was bought as an airfield and factory site by Vickers-Armstrong, who are to erect the memorial. It will probably be of granite, with a bronze plaque listing some of the great achievements there.

BUYING THEIR OWN BRIDGE

People living in San Cristobal, Venezuela, are being asked to subscribe towards the cost of a new bridge to link their town with La Concordia. It will be nearly a quarter of a mile long and 70 feet wide.

FRIDAY . . . JUNE 1

is the date by which all entry forms for the CN National Handwriting Test should be received for judging!

A Token cut from CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER must be attached to each form, and it is printed for the last time on the back page of this issue.

Completed entries must be posted to:

**CN Writing Test 1956,
3 Pilgrim Street,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).**

FAITHFUL SHEPHERD

During a blizzard in 1954 a 17-year-old Scots lad named Ralph Forlow went out to find his sheep. Search-parties found his body next day under the shelter of a wall with his faithful collie standing over him.

Now, in the churchyard at Kirkiner, Wigtownshire, he has a simple granite memorial with this inscription:

*On Scotland's page o' gilded fame,
Inscribe the shepherd hero's name,
Gie him a place among the great,
The men o' war, or Kirk, or State.
An' add this message, chiselled deep.*

The guid herd died tae save his sheep.

OLD SEAPORT RE-OPENED

The first vessel for more than 16 years has berthed at the quayside in Kirkcudbright, which was formerly a flourishing port as far back as the tenth century. But for the past fifty years silt has blocked the channel.

Thousands of tons of it have been dredged to make the harbour safe for shipping.

That first ship to come up the river again was a tanker, with 750 tons of petroleum for a newly completed storage depot. Kirkcudbright will now be the principal oil port in south-west Scotland.

MERRY-GO-ROUND FOR SHEEP

Production line methods have been introduced into sheep-shearing by a Queensland grazier, Mr. E. C. Frecklington.

He has invented a machine like a merry-go-round, with five cradles revolving slowly round a circular platform on which the shearers stand. The sheep are placed on their backs in the cradles, waist-high to the men, and are sheared as they pass by, a section at a time. The fleece drops into baskets running on wires and goes straight to the wool press.

It may be rather an undignified business so far as the sheep are concerned, but the inventor claims that it does away with the "back-breaking wrestle" normally endured by the shearers.

Australia led the world in wool production last season, with 1410 million lb. Russia was second, with 556 million lb.

PRIDE OF HERALDRY

Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, Lord Lyon King of Arms, tells a fascinating story in his new book, Scots Heraldry (Oliver and Boyd, 42s.).

Heraldry served a very practical purpose in days when few people could read. A man in full armour would be hard to recognise, but he could be easily identified—as friend or foe—by the devices on his shield or his standard. Consequently people became highly skilled in the reading of what Sir Thomas aptly calls "a decorative shorthand for identification."

The popularity of heraldry through the ages in Scotland has an interesting explanation, and is based on the ancient clan organisation of the country. While in other countries there was a distinct cleavage between the lord and his henchman, in Scotland every clansman regarded himself as of the same kin as his chieftain, and so gloried in his honours and distinctions as if they were his own.

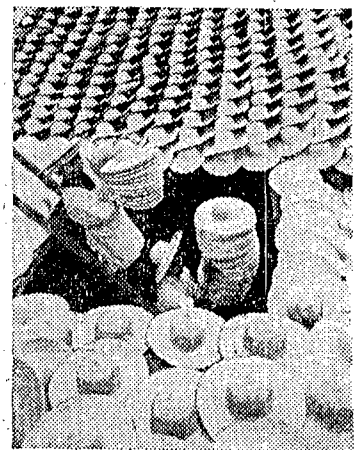
ISLANDS FOR SALE

Two islands in North Wales are for sale. They are the twin isles of St. Tudwal, two miles from the eastern tip of the Llyn peninsula.

They are to be offered for sale by auction in the summer by their owner, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, the famous architect, who acquired them about twenty years ago. On the larger island, of nearly 27 acres, there are the remains of an early monastery. In 1886 a priest, Father Hughes, undertook to rebuild it, but he died the same year and the work was abandoned.

On the smaller island there is a lighthouse, now automatic, but still with the eight-roomed tower where the keeper used to live.

Hats for a heat wave

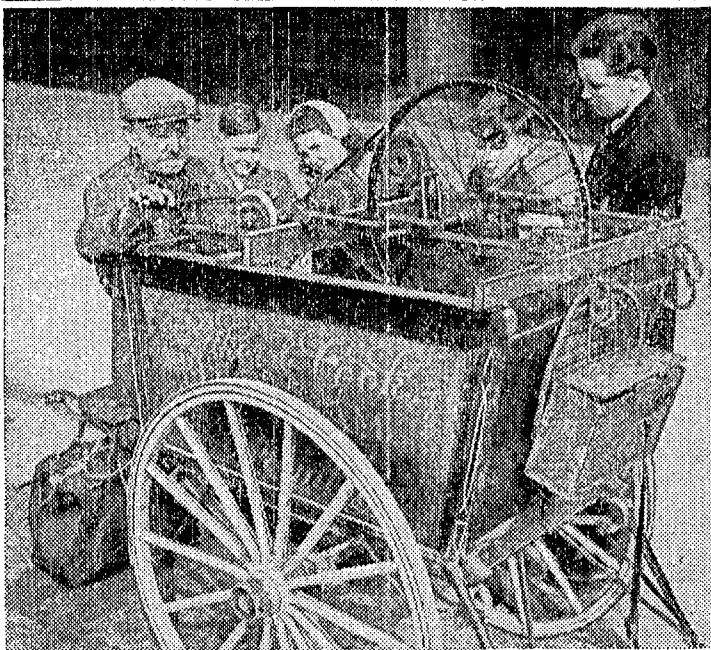


Straw hats are the popular summer wear in Japan. Here is part of a manufacturer's stock drying in the sun before being sent to the shops.

QUOTH THE RAVEN— EVER MORE

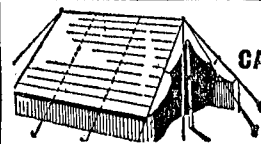
Billy Radmore, a schoolboy of the Glamorganshire village of Cymmer, picked up a young raven which had fallen from its nest, took it home, and christened it Wally.

Wally is always hungry. Billy gives him meat, bread, boiled potatoes, and milk, but the young bird still wants more and more.



Master of his craft

Tom Watson of Deptford, London, claims to be one of the last few tinkers in the country. For 60 years he has been travelling the roads, doing odd jobs such as sharpening knives on his home-made grinder.



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WHY HAROLD LOST THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Did King Harold lose the Battle of Hastings because his men had been tired out by a 250-mile march? This is one of the mysteries of history which BBC Television will try to unravel in a programme next Tuesday.

Viewers will be shown a film made to test the theory last March, when members of the Surrey Walking Club went on a 20-mile trek along the Fosse Way, each loaded with equipment weighing between 40 and 50 lb., the weight Harold's men are believed to have carried to Sussex, after they had defeated Harold Hardrada, king of Norway, at Stamford Bridge, Yorkshire, in September, 1066. They did the journey in 10 days, one of the greatest marches in English history.

This is the first of a weekly series of historical inquiries. On June 12 the theme is Hannibal's march across the Alps; then follow The Great Plague, Monasticism in the Middle Ages, and the Legend of Robin Hood.



In the dress of King Harold's men

Midshipmen on the trail

The sounds of a submarine differ in many ways from those made by any surface vessel, as we shall hear in the new BBC Children's Hour serial, *The Stolen Submarine*, which begins this Wednesday. To get the authentic atmosphere, Producer Eve Burgess took a tape recorder on board a submarine in Portsmouth Harbour a fortnight ago.

The story is by Sea Lion, a

name which hides the identity of a distinguished naval officer, and tells how a new British atomic-powered submarine, *Magician*, disappears while on a test run from the Clyde to Devonport.

Some might think it was due to a gale off the Cornish coast, but the two young midshipmen, "Tiger" Ransome (Derek Hart) and "Snort" Kenton (John Clarke-Smith) suspect other causes.



Eve Burgess aboard the submarine to get "atmosphere"

Action stations

TELEVISION Producer Dennis Monger has also been on a submarine. He tells me it is hoped to have two cameras on board the 1090-ton submarine *Tapir* in Portsmouth Harbour in mid-June. During tests at six fathoms he found the passage anything but smooth, despite most people's belief that the sea is rough only on the surface.

While one camera is showing the crew at action stations, a second will give viewers a periscope peep of a dummy attack.

Here come the Lyons

SOME radio and TV families are more popular than others, but I think everybody likes the Lyons. The Lyon family return to BBC Television this Thursday (May 31) with the first of four fortnightly episodes in *Life with the Lyons*.

Besides Ben, Bebe, Barbara, and Richard, we shall meet again Mr. Wimple (Horace Percival), Florrie (Doris Rogers), Aggie (Mollie Weir), and Robin (Richard Bel-liers).

Adventures in store

ALTHOUGH Young Eagles in Associated-Rediffusion's Children's programme on Fridays is a serial, you will probably have noticed that each instalment can be enjoyed on its own.

This is a story filmed in America of two Boy Scouts, Jim Adams and Bob Ford, played by Bobby Cox and Jim Vance.

At Television House I was told that the adventures for the next two months will include hair-raising experiences among hostile Indians, rascally traders, and notorious brigands. The boys discover long-lost treasure, but nearly lose it before they are saved from bandits by the Army Air Force.

On top of Snowdon

LET us hope it will be a fine evening on Saturday when BBC television cameras operate from their highest-ever point on land, the 3560-foot summit of Snowdon. If conditions are clear, viewers of Saturday Night Out will enjoy one of the grandest views in the British Isles, extending over North Wales as far as Anglesey.

Besides two cameras on the summit, a third will be mounted on the little Snowdon train as it climbs the side of the mountain. As there is no power supply on Snowdon, the engineers will have to take several tons of equipment to the top.

ERNEST THOMSON

MEMORIAL TO PINOCCHIO

A national memorial to Pinocchio has been unveiled at Collodi, in Tuscany, by the President of Italy. Sculptured by Emilio Greco, it is a bronze statue with symbolic adornment, surrounded by a wall inset with mosaics of episodes in the puppet's story.

Pinocchio is an old Italian folk tale, but the modern version was written in 1880 by the Florentine writer Carlo Lorenzini, who used the pen-name of Collodi, his native village. Thus the story of the wooden puppet that became a real boy belongs to Italy, but largely through the film it is known to children the world over.

Thousands of them sent contributions towards the cost of the memorial and received humorous acknowledgements in the form of "fib cards." These were "signed" by Pinocchio and entitled each young recipient to tell one punishment-free fib!

SCOTTISH AND BEST

Shop windows in nearly every town and village throughout Scotland will display Scottish-made goods for a special week from June 16 to 23.

Manufacturers and retailers will join forces in showing samples of the great variety and high quality of goods made in Scottish factories and workshops.



Spotting the ships

Living on the estuary of the Thames, children at Southend, Essex, have plenty of opportunity to spot ships from all corners of the world. On the famous pier a shipping exhibition is being held, showing how vessels can be identified by their funnel markings and their silhouettes.

IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK

Margaret crowned

MAY 30, 1445. LONDON—Margaret of Anjou, 15-year-old bride of King Henry VI, was today crowned Queen of England by Archbishop Stafford in Westminster Abbey.

Coronation festivities, including tournaments, are to be continued for three days, and Parliament is to grant the Queen an income of nearly £7000 a year.

She is a handsome girl, looking older than her years. A lover of hunting, she is said to be also a student of literature, and the Earl of Shrewsbury has presented her with a gorgeously illuminated

volume of French romances, so that "after she has learnt English she will not forget her mother tongue."

The marriage of the French princess to the English King cements the growing friendship of the two nations, and one of the men responsible for preparing the marriage treaty was Charles, Duke of Orleans, who had been prisoner in England since Agincourt, but was released five years ago to further Anglo-French alliance.

(The book given to Queen Margaret is now in the British Museum.)

Banqueting hall begun

JUNE 1, 1619. LONDON—The first stone of the new Banqueting Hall in Whitehall was laid today.

The new building is to take the place of the Banqueting Hall destroyed by fire in January of this year, when the King commanded the popular artist and architect, Mr. Inigo Jones, to design the new one.

Mr. Jones plans the new hall as part of an immense building which

he has designed to take the place of the old Palace of Whitehall. The new palace is to be three times as big as Hampton Court, is to have seven courtyards, and the frontages facing Westminster and Charing Cross are to be a quarter of a mile long.

(The great palace was never built, but the Banqueting Hall still stands in Whitehall. It was the scene, 30 years after it was finished, of the execution of Charles I.)

Edward to pick Scots king

JUNE 2, 1291. BERWICK-ON-TWEED—Eight of the 13 men who are claiming the Throne of Scotland owing to the death of the infant Queen Margaret today recognised King Edward of England as their superior.

King Edward had been asked by William Fraser, Bishop of St. Andrews, to act as referee in this contest for the Scottish Crown. When he first met the nobles and clergy three weeks ago he insisted that they must first recognise him as their overlord.

Today, in the parish church of Norham, six miles from Berwick, the Scots agreed to his demand and

swore to abide by his decision. The Castle of Norham is the residence of Antony Bek, Bishop of Durham, whom King Edward appointed Governor of Scotland last year.

Of the 13 claimants only three are considered to have strong claims to the Crown. These are John de Baliol, Robert Bruce, the 83-year-old Earl of Annandale, and John Hastings. All are descendants of King David I.

(King Edward eventually awarded the Crown to Baliol, but in 1306 it was forcibly seized by Robert Bruce, grandson of the old earl.)

The Children's Newspaper, June 2, 1956

In his travels Round the Towns Alan Ivimey makes his way across the Fens to Boston

WHEN holiday-time comes round you will be looking for labels to tie on your luggage. And the chances are that those labels were made in Boston.

In this old Lincolnshire town between the Fens and the North Sea there lives a man of over ninety named George Clark. When he was 14 he suddenly lost his father, and with his brother, aged 16, had to take over the family label business. The boys thought they could make a better sort of label, one which would not pull away from the string; so they built a hand-press for fixing a strong washer to hold the string to each label, and they also devised a special cement for attaching the washer to manilla paper.

Today the firm of Fisher Clark employs 500 people, and it makes labels by the million.

EARLY ADVERSITY

This little story of early adversity, struggle to success, and great age seems to symbolise Boston, for the town began some 13 centuries ago as a little settlement of monks, but was destroyed by the Danes 200 years later. Its position on a navigable river only four miles or so from the seal-haunted waters of the Wash, and far away across the fens from any help, made it all too vulnerable to invasion. But it was favourable for trade, and the black soil of the marshes for miles around, once drained, made good rich farming country—as it still does.

The River Witham cuts right through the middle of things, and the Town Bridge invites you towards the big market-place. From the bridge can be seen a huddle of houses above the steep bank of a narrow but strongly flowing river, carrying the water from a million acres to the sea.

The fine old 18th-century Assembly Rooms, its ground floor now made into shops, is to your right. To the left of the bridge, over the roofs, soars the great

stone lantern of Boston Stump, the tower of the parish church.

The Stump is over 270 feet high, and a beacon burned here in the old days to light men across the fens or across the sea. From the summit you look across to Hunstanton, 15 miles away in Norfolk, and to the towers of Lincoln, 32 miles north-west.

The port may be said to begin just round the bend of the stream, where the fishing boats are moored. Here the little ships of the Middle Ages lay, and when the local monasteries were suppressed at the Reformation the men of Boston pulled them down and used the stone to strengthen the sides of their quay against the tide.

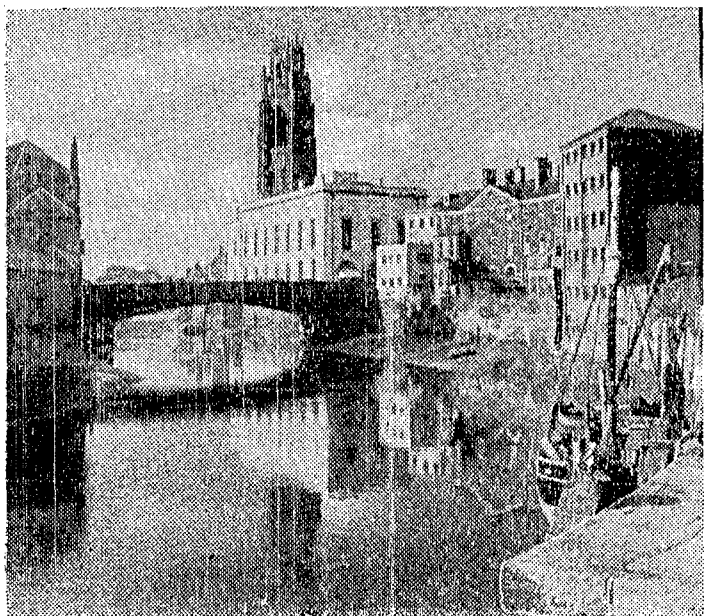
SISTER TOWNS

Stout Boston men set out from here to found the sister town in Massachusetts, and the links between them are still strong. In fact, Lincolnshire's Boston has an American weekend every July, and in Fyde House, a beautiful Georgian building next to the old Guildhall, is an American room which is dedicated to the use of the citizens of Boston, Massachusetts.

The Guildhall, once headquarters of the wealthiest of Boston's medieval trade guilds, stands near



The Maud Foster windmill has five sails and is named after a landowner of Elizabethan days



The Town Bridge and the old quayside of Boston on the River Witham. The modern docks are farther downstream

Between Fens and grey North Sea



Boston Stump, far-famed steeple of the church of St. Botolph, is 272 feet high and dominates the Market Place. The approach to the Town Bridge is just round the corner to the left

the old wharves. But modern Boston Docks are some way downstream. I called on the Port Manager here, and he showed me the new dock gates, semi-buoyant and of steel. They hold the water in the 800-foot basin, and there float the ships from Holland, Germany and Scandinavia.

They handle 500,000 tons of goods here every year. What comes in from abroad is chiefly timber from the Baltic, then fertiliser from various Continental ports, and fruit from Holland and Spain. Outwards, the trade is mainly coal, Boston being the nearest port to the Nottingham and Derby coalfields; and it is shipped mostly to London, or to Southampton for the South Coast resorts.

MECHANISED FARMS

Four miles of windy grass banks lie between here and the sea, with lights on poles to guide ships at night all the way. And it is a common sight in Boston to see foreign sailormen having a look round.

And well they may, for there is plenty to see and hear about. For instance, the surrounding farm district is the most highly mechanised in England, and in the street called Wide Bargate, leading from the market-place, is a firm known all over the country for repairs to tractors.

One of its directors will tell you

almost in one breath how he started at 13 by shoeing his first pony 50 years ago, and of the remote-controlled tractors we may see a few years hence.

Then again, Boston, besides having three large factories for canning fruit and vegetables, has what is said to be the biggest bootlace factory in England. It also does a busy trade in catching and dispatching mussels to sea-angling resorts like Blackpool.

In the Municipal Offices I was shown the Corporation's Admiralty Oar Mace, made of silver gilt in 1725 to replace an Elizabethan one of cast iron. It is the ancient sign of Boston as a seaport. Sold in 1837 as an undesirable relic of the "bad old days," it was eventually bought back, by more enlightened folk, for about 40 times the price the Corporation had received.

All this I saw, and many other things. But my most memorable experience was in Boston Parish Church.

A marriage

service was being held at the far end of the enormous nave. But at the west end, under the great tower which is Boston Stump, it was quiet. There was just a small table with a mirror laid flat upon it, and an empty chair.

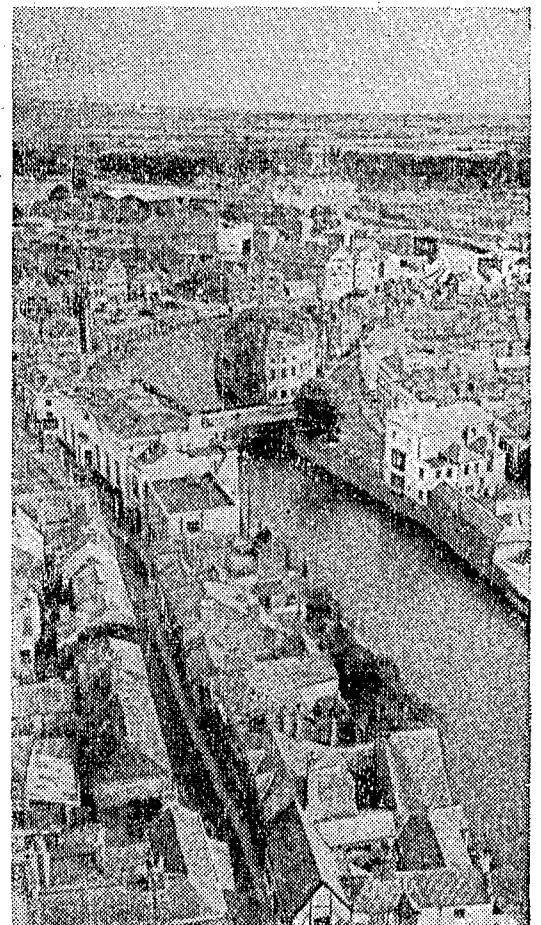
For a moment I did not understand. Then I sat down and looked into the mirror.

The vaulted ceiling, 130 feet above, appeared like a deep pit of mysteriously lighted stone. And in the clear glass I read something of the message the medieval craftsmen had left—a message to lift a man's thoughts from the ground on which he walks.

That was a moment in Boston which I shall always remember.



Fyde House, built in 1726, is headquarters of the Boston branch of the English-Speaking Union



The town, on both banks of the winding Witham, as the visitor sees it from the top of Boston Stump

Next Week's Birthdays

June 3
Richard Cobden (1804-1865). Son of a Sussex yeoman, he went into the cotton business and prospered.

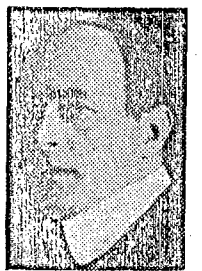


Adopted principles of Free Trade and conducted a vigorous political campaign culminating in the repeal of the Corn Laws, 1846, which lowered the price of bread.

June 4
Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley (1833-1913). Crushed the rebellion of Louis Riel in Canada, 1870, and commanded our forces in the Ashanti Campaign, West Africa, and in Egypt against Arabi Pasha, whom he defeated at Tel-el-Kebir.

June 5
Lord Keynes (1883-1946). Economist. Chief representative of the Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, he resigned over German reparations. Led British delegation to world financial conference at Bretton Woods, 1944. The influence of his ideas is still powerful. He was a devotee of ballet and married the ballerina Lydia Lopokova.

June 6
Captain Robert Falcon Scott (1868-1912). Antarctic explorer. In 1900 was chosen to lead an expedition to the Antarctic and made many valuable discoveries including that of the great South Polar Ice Cap. On his second expedition, 1910-1912, he reached the South Pole, but perished with his four companions on the return journey. Peter Scott, the well-known naturalist and artist, is his son.



June 7
Sir Landon Ronald (1873-1938). Conductor and composer, son of a popular song writer. He was a fine pianist and for a time Melba's accompanist. He conducted many famous orchestras and was also Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. His best-known song is Down in the Forest.

June 8
Sir John Millais (1829-1896). Artist. First became famous as one of the Pre-Raphaelites. Later he painted many fine portraits and popular romantic pictures.

June 9
Viscount Brookeborough (1888). Better known as Sir Basil Brooke, he has been Prime Minister of Northern Ireland since 1943. He was previously Minister of Agriculture.

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars . London . EC4
JUNE 2 1956

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

THE visit to London of 33 transport workers from Moscow made good news.

Our guests spent a week here. They saw the City from a double-decker bus. They paid a visit to Hampton Court in Tulip time. They went to the pictures and sat near the Queen. And everywhere they found themselves as welcome as the flowers they saw in May; as welcome, indeed, as those famous visitors from Moscow who preceded them.

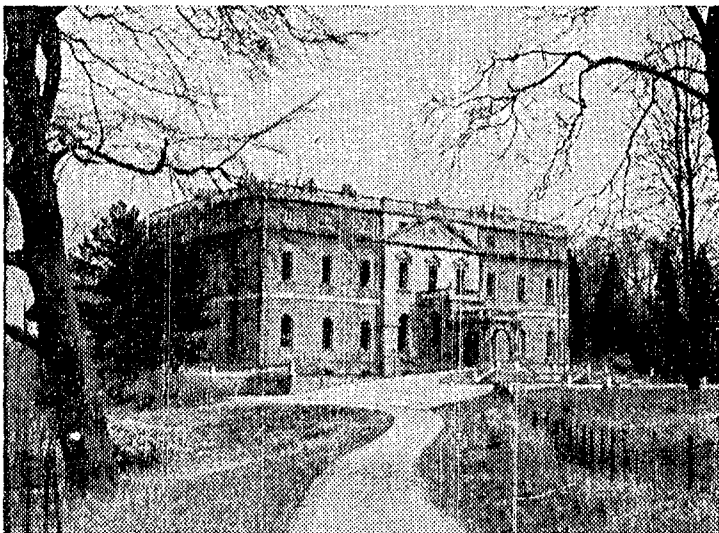
Of these Moscow citizens, 26 were bus and trolley-bus workers, including the only woman in the party, a driver. The rest serve the famous Moscow Underground.

Some of the things they saw here, familiar enough to us, filled them with astonishment—the advertisements on the sides of our buses for instance—but much else must have been self-explanatory.

When people with the same interest and the same skills get together, even though they speak not a word of each other's language, the barriers between them disappear.

The Workers Travel Association, who arranged this Busman's Holiday with the Russian Intourist Bureau, are to be congratulated.

Let us hope that there will be many more visits of this kind, for they must lead to a better mutual understanding. And understanding is the cousin of goodwill, a quality greatly needed in these days of international tension.



OUR HOMELAND

Clandon Park, near Guildford, Surrey, which now belongs to the nation.

The Editor's Table

BREAKING THE ICE

COMPLIMENTS to the average Englishman's courtesy and willingness to help others have been paid by Colonel H. H. Towler of the U.S. Air Force, who has served here for three years. But he made some criticisms, too, among them being our constant mention of the weather. "Please find something else to talk about," he implores.

But there is more than meets the ear in this small talk. Naturally reserved people, we find that comment on perfectly obvious weather conditions helps to overcome mutual shyness. "Isn't it hot?" seems to break the ice, so to speak.

Think on These Things

THE prophet Zechariah had written that, when the Messiah came, it would be in meekness and lowliness. He would come, not as a man of war riding on a charger, but on an ass. So it was that on the first Palm Sunday Jesus rode up to Jerusalem on an ass. But He rode in triumph.

When Jesus entered Jerusalem He went to the Temple. Part of the building had been turned into a market. Jesus drove the merchants and traders out, and overturned their stalls.

When Jesus came to Jerusalem He came in love and pity, but above all in judgment.

It is by our attitude towards Him that we must be judged, whether we accept or reject Him.
O. R. C.

Summer comes

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
East wind and frost are safely gone;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain

The summer comes serenely on;
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
To promise all that's kind and fair:

But thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

A. H. Clough

Full marks

IT has long been said that if you want to know the time you should ask a policeman. But no one has ever suggested that a policeman's son could tell you anything of particular interest.

There is a policeman's son in Canterbury, however, who could tell you something far more important than the time; he could tell you how to ride a bicycle safely.

He is Brian Rous, who at the age of 14 has become the first boy in Canterbury to obtain 100 per cent marks in a road safety test on his bicycle. He knows—and keeps—all the rules. Well done, Brian!

Tractor boy



Choong Lim, a three-year-old Korean orphan, has been adopted by a United States family and is now called Tony Lee. At his new home he likes riding on a toy tractor.

Nature's child

Oh but I love to sing
Of pear and apple spray,
The green-gold gems of Spring,
The summer-ripened hay.

The loveliness of leaves
Jewelled with light and shade;
The patterns noonday weaves
On floors the sun has made.

The sway of emerald boughs
In skies of streaming blue;
Gay wings the woodlands house
When bird calls bird to woo.

I love a foxglove wild
As well as cultured rose,
For I am Nature's child
And kin to all that grows.

From *Quintet*, a new book of poems by Walter Nugent Sinkinson

Thirty Years Ago

From the *Children's Newspaper*, June 5, 1926

JUDGING by the bookings already made it is believed that half a million Americans will come to Europe during May, June, and July in the ships of the four great Atlantic lines alone.

This will be a record, and is due partly to the great prosperity of the American people and partly to the popularity of the new tourist class accommodation on the liners. The two together have enabled tens of thousands of Americans who never imagined that they would ever be able to afford it to make the trip that all good Americans dream of.

THEY SAY ...

I AM becoming more and more convinced how unimportant those of us of advancing years are. Those who matter are the rising generation, and our responsibility is to them.

Lord Mayor of Birmingham

THE main characteristic of English villages is that they are records of regional materials and methods... they are records of ourselves and our characters as a nation.

Sir Albert Richardson, P.R.A.

ADVERTISING and the people who practise it are vital to any civilisation we are prepared to call worth while.

Sir Miles Thomas

WHO says that mathematics is the most important thing in the world? Fishermen and clergymen do not need it. Book-makers' clerks certainly need it, but many fine professions do not require it at all.

Councillor M. W. Young, chairman of Rotherham Education Committee

QUIZ CORNER

1. What does the word "foolscap" mean?
2. What is the name of a doctor's "listening" instrument?
3. Who was the first King of both Scotland and England?
4. Which is the tallest building in the world?
5. How many species of ants are there in this country?
6. How fast does a glacier move?

Answers on page 12

Out and About

HALFWAY up the grassy slope of the hill the line of a high hedge looms in the fading twilight.

With the brambles which will be loaded with blackberries in the autumn, there are dense clusters of hawthorn bushes still carrying much blossom.

Its sweet perfume drifts down the hill on a breeze which rustles among the birch trees higher up the slope, beyond the hedge.

Otherwise all is still. But there comes a soft thumping noise, and looking through a gap in the hedge one can see dimly a hare lolling down the slope. There seems nothing to frighten him, yet he pauses suspiciously, his long ears turned forward.

All of a sudden he is away, leaping up the hill, to disappear beyond the birch trees. The breeze has dropped, and it is quiet again in the perfumed darkness.

C. D. D.

JUST AN IDEA

The greatest happiness is to be able to make others happy.

The Children's Newspaper, June 2, 1956

NEW FILMS

ROYAL ROMANCE AND FUNFAIR FANTASY

THE film called *The Swan* is the story of a princess, in central Europe in 1910, who marries a prince—and the part of the princess is played by Grace Kelly, who just at the time the film was first shown in London was being married to a real prince in Monaco.

Perhaps without this topical note the film would not have attracted so much attention, though it is a very bright and entertaining one and well worth seeing.

The first scenes show us the great activity in the royal castle as it is prepared for the visit of the Crown Prince. Everything is being polished and renovated to make a good impression on him. The princess, whose name is Alexandra, is given all sorts of advice about appearing at her best.

the hope that the prince may perhaps even feel a little jealous.

In the end the plan does work: the Crown Prince realises how beautiful Alexandra is, and asks her to become his future queen. The unlucky tutor (Louis Jourdan), who had been secretly in love with the princess and thought all his dreams were coming true, finds he has been unkindly used, and goes sadly away.

This is all done most amusingly and is cleverly acted. Grace Kelly makes a lovely princess, and Alec Guinness is excellent and often very funny as the Crown Prince.

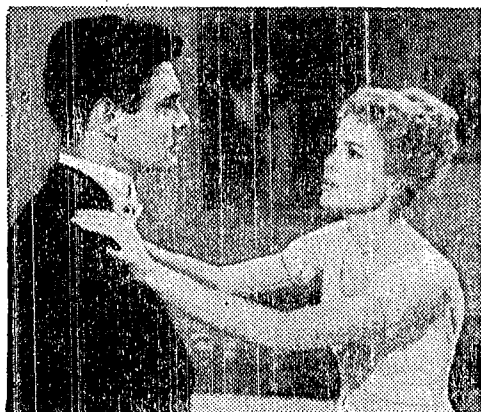
ANOTHER recent film is *Carousel*, a version of an American stage musical show based, as it happens, on another play by the same Hungarian author who wrote the original play of *The Swan*—Ferenc Molnar.

The story of this one is rather fantastic: a young man who worked at a fair-ground ("carousel" is a French word adopted by America for what we call a merry-go-round) and died there in an accident, is allowed to come back for one day from heaven to put right the troubles of his wife (Shirley Jones) and young daughter (Susan Luckey).

Part of the film is a flashback, showing us how the young man (Gordon MacRae) came to have the accident in which he lost his life. Then he comes back for his one day and helps his 15-year-old daughter by—among other things—giving her a star he has brought down with him from heaven.

It is a fanciful, nonsensical story, but the important things are the lively tunes, and the wonderful singing and dancing.

The scene comes over finely in the new CinemaScope 55 process, the music and singing are most stimulating, and altogether the picture is a gay experience.

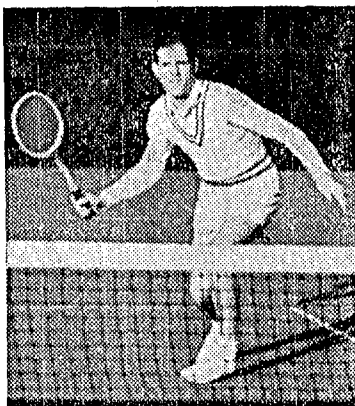


Grace Kelly and Louis Jourdan in *The Swan*

Then the Crown Prince arrives, and Alexandra's mother and old aunt watch anxiously in the hope that he will fall in love with the beautiful princess. But he takes hardly any notice of her, and in fact seems to want to spend most of his time in bed sleeping.

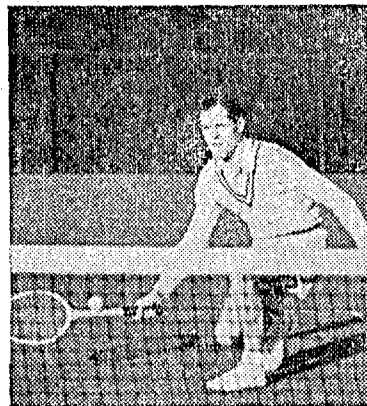
Beatrix, the princess's mother, is much upset, for she had counted on her daughter marrying him and becoming a queen. On the last night of his visit there is a grand ball, and in desperation Beatrix adopts a plan to try to make him take some notice of her daughter. Alexandra is told to make a great fuss of her handsome tutor, Agi, in

LEARNING TENNIS WITH TONY MOTTRAM



5. The Forehand Volley

Notice first that I am in the correct position—well inside the service court. My grip is the same as for the service and overhead smash. The ball is coming to my forehand side, and I am already preparing for it by turning sideways. Notice that to do this my feet have turned, too. I am watching the ball very carefully to judge its flight. It seems that it will be a low ball, and my knees are already bending to get my body down to the ball; the back must remain straight. As I prepare to make the stroke my left arm is aiding my balance. In volleying, the backswing is short; the ball must be punched with a firm wrist.



Just before hitting the ball. There are three most important points to notice here. First, the way in which I am getting down to the ball by bending my knees, which allows me also to keep my back straight. The second point is that because I am getting down to the ball, I am able to keep the head of the racket well up—in this picture it is horizontal, as you can see. This is most important. The third point is that my eyes are fixed on the ball with great concentration. Even when the ball is approaching slowly and the shot appears to be simple, never relax or take your eyes from it. Another point to notice is that as I play the ball my body weight is on the front foot.



The finish. You will notice that, compared with the ground strokes (forehand and backhand drives), the complete swing is very short. In this picture I have hit the ball and it is on its way over the net. Notice how carefully I continue to watch it, and that I am "staying down with the ball."

It is most important that you should not let the wrist go slack at the finish. I am still keeping the head of the racket well up, and this indicates that throughout the stroke my grip on the racket has been firm. When you volley, always try to have your body weight moving forward. This adds punch and power to the stroke.

POCKET BOOK ART

Books on Art are generally expensive, especially if they contain coloured illustrations. So the Fontana Pocket Library of Great Art (Collins, 4s. each) is of special interest to the younger generation.

Each little book has biographical details of a renowned artist, and a commentary on the various examples of his work which are reproduced. The latest, and fifteenth, in the series deals with the modern French painter, Raoul Dufy.

FLASHING INDICATORS FOR BUSES

Some of London's buses are to have flashing direction indicators in the form of two blunt arrows over the driving mirrors, flashing amber 76 times a minute. They will be coupled to a double-headed arrow over the stop and rear lights at the back of the bus.

If the experiment is successful all the London buses will get them.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG ARTISTS

Industry needs artists for many kinds of decorative work, and a unique opportunity for training is provided by bursaries from the Harold W. Sanderson Art-in-Industry Fund. An exhibition of the work of young artists who have won these bursaries is on view at the Imperial Institute, London, until June 3.

Young people compete for the bursaries by submitting samples of their work. The winners have their expenses paid during the training period, which is generally about five years, and they also receive the usual basic wage of the district. In addition to studying in a large studio at Perivale in Middlesex, they visit museums and art galleries with an instructor, and also make trips abroad under supervision.

Particulars of the scheme can be obtained from the Fund's Trustee, 91 Park Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.

SHARP'S THE WORD

Young Ralph Weston, of Stan-nington, found an inch-long piece of flint near Rivelin Glen Quarry and took it along to the Sheffield City Museum for examination. It turned out to be a neolithic-type arrowhead, 3000 years old.

In a letter to Ralph, who is eleven, the director of the museum wrote: "I feel that your sharpness in recognising the arrowhead as something of importance deserves to be acknowledged."

DIALECT ON TAPE

A tape recording of Yorkshire dialects in the Castle Museum at York was used 17,800 times in its first six months there.

The museum staff went into the homes of dialect-speaking Yorkshire people to make the first tape recording, and they also made a press-button machine to operate it.

An exhibit which could be heard instead of seen was evidently very popular.

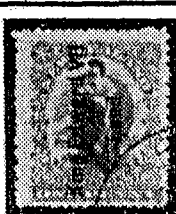
STAMP ALBUM



CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE

THE FIRST MAN TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE WAS ROALD AMUNDSEN, WHO IS PORTRAYED ON THIS NORWEGIAN STAMP WITH HIS GREAT COMPATRIOT NANSEN. HE REACHED THE POLE ON DECEMBER 16, 1911, FIVE WEEKS BEFORE OUR OWN CAPTAIN SCOTT.

THE FIRST MAN TO FLY OVER THE SOUTH POLE WAS RICHARD BYRD, IN 1929, THREE YEARS AFTER HE HAD FLOWN OVER THE NORTH POLE. IN 1933 AND AGAIN IN 1946 HE LED OTHER ANTARCTIC EXPEDITIONS. THIS U.S. STAMP HONOURS THE GREAT EXPLORER.



POLAR POSTMASTER

THE FIRST ANTARCTIC STAMP WAS THIS NEW ZEALAND ONE, OVERPRINTED KING EDWARD VII LAND, THE TERRITORY DISCOVERED BY SCOTT IN 1902. THE STAMP WAS ISSUED IN 1908 FOR THE EXPEDITION LED BY SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, WHO WAS GIVEN THE OFFICIAL TITLE OF POLAR POSTMASTER.



SHIPS OF THE FAR SOUTH

MANY FALKLAND ISLANDS STAMPS COMMEMORATE ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION. ON THE LEFT IS THE ENDURANCE, WHICH TOOK SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON TO THE FAR SOUTH IN 1914. THE STAMP ON THE RIGHT SHOWS THE FAMOUS DISCOVERY.

STORY OF A GREAT MAN

The enthralling life story of one of the truly great men of our time is movingly told in a new book: Dr. Schweitzer, O.M., written by Nina Langley and published by Harrap at 7s. 6d.

Even as a little boy in the Alsatian village of Günsbach, Albert Schweitzer showed the love for his fellows that has shone throughout his long life. Because poorer boys wore fingerless mittens in winter he would not wear gloves; because they wore clogs, he did not wish to have leather boots. There was quite a scene one Sunday before church when he refused to wear a nice new overcoat because none of the village boys had overcoats.

This intense consideration for others inspired his life of self-sacrifice. It took him far from his native Günsbach, and made him turn his back on a promising career as a musician. It led him to an African river where the primeval forest rises like a dark wall and stretches far away into the interior.

The story of Albert Schweitzer and the hospital he created at Lambaréné is an inspiring one, and it is well told in this new book.

RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

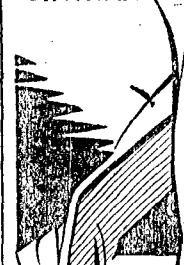
The red-sailed Thames barges were once a familiar sight on London River and round our shores. But gradually they have gone out of use, and now the Sailing Barge Preservation Society has launched an appeal for £10,000 to keep at least two of them working.

One of these barges which used to ply between London and Ipswich, is appropriately called The Memory. She was built 52 years ago at Harwich, and cost only £1450. Let us hope that her clean red sails will long grace the narrow seas.

ALTHOUGH BORN IN MANCHESTER AND ALWAYS KEEN ON CRICKET, HE WAS 19 BEFORE HE WENT TO OLD TRAFFORD FOR THE FIRST TIME, TO WATCH LANCASHIRE PLAY MIDDLESEX ...

WITHIN A YEAR HE WAS A LANCASHIRE PLAYER HIMSELF, SOON TO BECOME ONE OF ENGLAND'S BEST BOWLERS —

BRIAN STATHAM



IT IS JUST 60 YEARS SINCE THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS, UNDEFEATED IN THEIR FIRST NINE MATCHES, WERE ALL OUT FOR 18 RUNS (PLAYING THE M.C.C. AT LORD'S, JUNE 1896)

DICK POUGHIER — LEICESTER — TOOK 5 FOR 0 AND J.T. HEARNE (MIDDLESEX) 4 FOR 4

Sporting Flashbacks



SOCCER IS REGARDED AS A WINTER GAME, BUT THE FIRST MATCH PLAYED BY BURY F.C. TOOK PLACE IN JUNE, 1885. THE GROUND WAS A FIELD ATTACHED TO A FARM AND ALTHOUGH THE DISTRICT HAS CHANGED CONSIDERABLY, THAT PITCH REMAINS THE PLAYING ARENA TO THIS DAY —

GIGG LANE

...YET POUGHIER NEVER PLAYED FOR ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA

LIFE IN THE ISLAND OF SUGAR

A visitor to Mauritius has been recounting to a C.N. correspondent some of the charms of this warm island, a mere speck in the vastness of the Indian Ocean.

Mauritius is known to all stamp collectors because of its famous stamps of 1847, of which there are only 35 in existence, each worth thousands of pounds.

But the island's wealth lies not in stamps, but in its sugar cane. It exports half a million tons of sugar a year, or one ton for every man, woman, and child on the island—most of it coming to Britain to be turned into sweets and chocolates.

When discovered by the Portu-

guese early in the 16th century the island was uninhabited. Later it was occupied by the Dutch, and then by the French. It became British in 1814.

About ten thousand families in Mauritius still speak French and live in the French style. They are the descendants of those who ruled Mauritius before the days of Napoleon. But more than half the population of this island is of Indian origin, and the Chinese form another strong group. There are 18,000 of them and almost as many little trading stores which will sell you a pennyworth of butter, rice, or salt.

From St. Louis, the capital, the island spreads in rolling hills mounting up to the peak of Black River Peak, 2700 feet up in the sparkling blue of sky and sunshine. In the hills, among the lawns and woods, are the homes of the city's business men who travel to and from work by narrow gauge railway.

In the loneliest mountain regions of Mauritius the wild festival dances, originally brought to the

island by African and Malagasy slaves, are still practised in the light of bonfires. Each dancer whirls separately and he who raises the most dust with the stamping of his bare feet is judged the best.

Mauritius could once boast that it was the only place in the world where the dodo could be seen. This strange bird, related to the pigeon, but bigger than the swan, once ranged its forests, but being unable to fly it was soon exterminated by the early settlers and the domestic animals introduced by them. The only dodos in Mauritius now are reconstructed specimens in the island's museum.

TOOLS OF THEIR TRADE

Three young Sheffield apprentices have been given their working tools in church.

In 1676 Nicholas Stones left a bequest to provide kits of tools for young apprentices living in the parish of Norton. Halfway through a recent service there, Anthony Walton, John Griffin, and Roger Middleton, all received their kits from the rector.

WINNING COACH

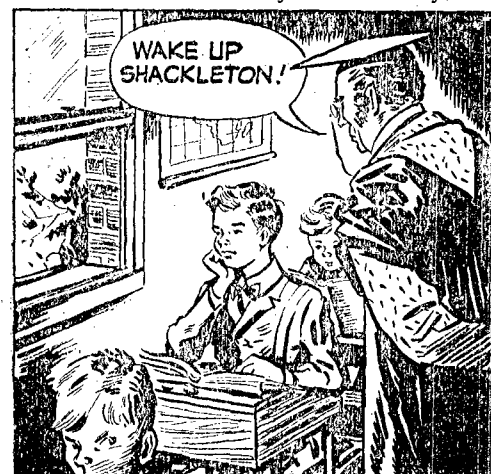
A cream and red luxury coach owned by a Sheffield firm was the only entry from this country in the French International Motor Coach Rally at Nice. It had a double success, winning the silver cup for the best all-round performance over three days, and a bronze plaque for the best coach-work and appearance of the vehicles in the contest.

THE SHACKLETON SAGA—new picture-story of a great Antarctic explorer (1)

Sir Ernest Shackleton was born in Ireland in 1874. His father, a doctor, was of English descent, his mother was Irish. In 1884 the family moved to Sydenham, near

London, and Ernest went to a private school. He was a placid good-natured boy, but quite early he earned the nickname of "Fighting Shackleton" for standing up to a

school bully. He was a great reader, fond of poetry but above all of Polar Exploration, a subject that fascinated him more and more as he grew older.



At 13 Ernest went to Dulwich College. He was destined to become one of its most distinguished Old Boys, but he gave little promise of future fame. He was keen on games, but dreamy and backward in class, where he was generally not far from the bottom. His thoughts were far away, and he once played truant with some other boys who went to London docks in a fruitless attempt to get taken on as cabin boys. However, he worked hard in his last term and left with a good report.

His wish to go to sea came true at 16 when he became an apprentice in a clipper ship. His first captain was a kindly man who found that the youngster had a will of his own. Life on a sailing ship was harder than Ernest had imagined, but he stuck to it, and when he was 20 secured his second mate's certificate. For the next seven years he served in the Merchant Navy.

Shackleton's interest in the mysteries of Antarctica was as great as ever, and when he heard of Captain Scott's coming expedition (the first), he volunteered to join it. He was taken on as junior officer in the Discovery. In January 1902 the ship reached the Great Ice Barrier. Shackleton, with Scott in the crow's-nest, gazed enthralled at the long line of ice cliffs in places 240 feet high.

Scott's party established their base at Ross Island, but spent most of the winter in the ship, which was locked in the ice. In November 1902 Scott, Shackleton, and Dr. Wilson set out for the Pole. After terrible hardships in travelling across regions of ice and snow never seen before by human eye, they were obliged to turn back some 590 miles from their goal. Shackleton became seriously ill with scurvy on the return journey, but he struggled on and refused to ride on the sledge and be a burden to his companions.

To be taken ill on his first long trek was a bitter blow for Shackleton. But he was to try again. See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, June 2, 1956

1. Mr Carter on duty

It had always seemed odd to Mr. Carter that growing boys could be blissfully happy and thoroughly uncomfortable both at the same time.

This curious state of affairs could be proved, Mr. Carter maintained, by observing the behaviour of the 79 boarders of Linbury Court Preparatory School during most of their waking moments. Indeed, the more he observed them the more certain he became that the boys in his charge were numb to all feelings of physical discomfort.

They would scamper barefooted along the ice-cold dormitory linoleum rather than wear the fleecy-lined bedroom slippers provided by their parents. They would report to the music-room for violin lessons, their fingers glued together with balsa-wood cement. They would read under the bedclothes, by torchlight, in conditions of stifling suffocation, and wear their shirt tails rucked up about their waists in knobby balls of compressed flannel. But it was when they were ordered to relax and make themselves comfortable that they really excelled in devising methods of self-torture.

Time for repose

For half an hour after lunch each day during the Easter term the school settled down to a period of compulsory rest. In theory it was a time for quiet repose and meditation. In practice, it was found advisable for the duty master to walk round the building to make sure that the silence rule was being observed.

Mr. Carter was the master on duty one sunless Monday afternoon in late February. When he reached the library on his tour of the building, he came upon a group of Third Form boys festooned about the room in the uncomfortable postures which seemed so much to their liking.

Over by the window C. E. J. Darbishire stood stork-like upon one foot, his other leg bent at the knee and supported at the ankle by his right hand. He had put his library book aside, and was peering through dusty spectacles at a sheet of sodden blotting-paper dripping upon the window-sill.

Feeling faint?

Mr. Carter's glance travelled round the room and alighted upon an eager, friendly looking boy of 11, with wide-awake eyes and a fringe of untidy brown hair. At the moment, however, his features were not visible, for he sat crouched on the extreme edge of his chair, leaning forward with his shoulders hunched and his head sunk between his knees in a way that imposed the maximum strain upon the seams of his jacket.

At first Mr. Carter thought that the boy must be feeling faint. Then he noticed the open book on the floor, and realised that the reader was bending forward in this curious doubled-up position in order to focus his gaze upon the printed page. Apart from hanging upside-down like a two-toed sloth, Mr. Carter could think of no more uncomfortable method of reading a book.

"Jennings!" he called.

Grand new serial about the popular radio schoolboy

THANKS TO JENNINGS

By Anthony Buckeridge

The reader uncoiled himself and jumped to his feet.

"Sir?"

"Wouldn't it be possible to hold the book in your hands instead of laying it on the floor between your feet?"

"Yes, if you'd rather, sir," Jennings answered; and in a burst of enthusiasm he went on: "It's a jolly good book, too, sir. It's got an article on how to run your own menagerie. You know, sir—white mice, tame rats, guinea pigs, tortoises, and even carrier pigeons, sir."

"Really," said Mr. Carter.



Mr. Carter found the boys in the uncomfortable postures which seemed so much to their liking

"Yes, sir, and I was thinking if the Head would give us per, sir, we could—"

"Give you what, Jennings?"

"Permission, sir. If he'd let us make some cages and get some pets, like, say, for instance, a few white rabbits, sir, we could—"

The enthusiasm ebbed from his voice and he tailed off into silence at the expression on Mr. Carter's face.

Shuddering prospect

"It's no good, Jennings," the master said. "Not in term time, anyway. You can keep all the pets you want in the holidays, but the headmaster certainly wouldn't allow you to turn the school into a private zoo."

"We'd look after them ever so carefully, sir," Jennings pleaded. "We wouldn't take them up to the dormitory, or anywhere like that, sir."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mr. Carter, with a mental shudder at the prospect of classrooms and lobbies cluttered ankle deep with small furry animals scurrying to freedom. "In any case, Jennings, it's quite out of the question. Think of all the trouble you'd have in finding enough for them to eat."

"Oh, that wouldn't be too difficult, sir," Jennings persisted. "We could feed them on crusts of bread and things, and give them plenty of green stuff, such as—such as—well, like, say, for instance—"

"Mustard and cress," Darbishire chimed in triumphantly from across the room. He picked up the sheet of wet blotting-paper, trotted over to Mr. Carter, and held out the sodden object for his inspection.

"That's what I'm growing on this chunk of blotch, sir," he explained. "It's quite easy. You only have to sprinkle some seed on the blotch and keep it wet, and it comes up like a house on fire, sir. Actually, I was growing it to make salads with, but I wouldn't mind doing an extra supply for a private menagerie."

"I've just been telling Jennings to abandon the idea," Mr. Carter said.

"Yes, I know we can't really do it, sir. I was just thinking what fun it would be if we could," Darbishire prattled on. "It's ever so easy to grow mustard and cress on blotting-paper, sir. And you can grow it on wet flannel, too, if you want to."

Face flannel crops

Jennings snorted at this display of ignorance.

"You jolly well can't, you know."

"Why not?"

"Because matron won't let you, that's why. I grew quite a decent crop on my face flannel a few weeks ago, and she made me wash it all off just as it was ready for harvesting."

"Too bad," Mr. Carter sympathised. "All the same, I can see matron's point of view. We should have the bathroom looking like an allotment if everybody started growing vegetable crops on their face flannels."

As he left the library a few minutes later the master noticed that Jennings was once again crouching over the book at his feet, absorbed in the details of running a private menagerie. Mr. Carter was not worried. Quite apart from the headmaster's ban, he felt certain that Jennings would have little chance during term time of acquiring any form of animal life larger than a stray earwig. But for once Mr. Carter was wrong.

The bell for the end of the rest period was sounding as the duty master made his way along to the headmaster's study and knocked at the door.

"Ah, come in, Carter—come in!" Mr. Pemberton-Oakes greeted his assistant. "I'm glad you looked in. I was just—ah!—pondering

over matters of school routine."

"That's what I came to see you about," Mr. Carter replied. "I'd rather like to organise an expedition for the Camera Club some time during the next few weeks."

The headmaster pursed his lips and raised one eyebrow as he considered the suggestion.

"Yes, why not? Perhaps you and Wilkins could take a party into Dunhambury some half-holiday when we have no football fixture."

Mr. Carter consulted his pocket diary and noted that there was no football match arranged for the first Wednesday in March. "Camera Club. Visit to Dunhambury," he wrote.

He was about to take his leave when the headmaster recalled him.

"By the way, Carter, I've arranged for my accountant and his clerk to come down tomorrow to start the annual audit of the school accounts. It may take them several days, and I was wondering whether you'd mind if they worked in the staff room?"

"I see no objection," Mr. Carter agreed. "Where will they have their lunch? In the dining-hall with the rest of the school?"

Mr. Pemberton-Oakes pondered the query.

"H'm! Perhaps the simplest plan would be for matron to take it along to the staff room for them."

"Very well, then, headmaster, I'll arrange that with matron. It certainly seems the simplest way of doing it."

In point of fact, all the arrangements which Mr. Carter had made in the half-hour after lunch seemed simple enough. He had given a timely reminder about the keeping of pets, he had agreed to organise an outing of the Camera Club, and he could see no reason why the chartered accountants should not eat their lunch in the staff room. It was not often that Mr. Carter made an unwise decision. But on this occasion he made three errors of judgment in the space of thirty minutes.

To be continued



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PLANE SPOTTER IN THE DESERT

Twice a week an Aden Airways' Dakota flies to a small "back-of-beyond" airstrip at Al-Ghuraf, about 350 miles from Aden.

Recently, a few hours before the plane was due there, a small Arab boy was seen sitting near the control tower, anxiously scanning the horizon. Asked where he had come from, the youngster named a village about 30 miles away. He had watched the "bird" fly over his house for a long time, and now he was determined to see it on the ground.

After the Dakota had unloaded, he was allowed to sit at the controls.

LIFE IN THE OLD CORN YET

The remarkable way that life can remain dormant for many years in grains of wheat has been shown recently at Worcester. A Mr. T. Jones was re-upholstering a chair made in the early days of the 19th century, probably when Nelson was still alive. Wheat straw had been used for stuffing, and a few of the stalks had some grains of corn left on them.

Mr. Jones passed the grains on to a friend, who has now germinated them in his greenhouse. They have grown in a pot to interesting little blades of corn, just as they would have done 150 years ago. The plants are being passed on to a research institute.

SPORTS SHORTS

In the blood

THE name of Phelps is famous in rowing circles, for members of this family have won all the world's important sculling titles. The family reputation may be carried on in years to come by six-year-old Paul, son of Eric Phelps, the last British professional sculling champion. Eric Phelps, now a boat builder, has built his son a special sculling shell.

ALTHOUGH it will be many weeks before the M.C.C. selectors announce the names of the players to tour South Africa at the end of the summer, two officials have already been appointed. They are George Duckworth, the former Lancashire and England wicket-keeper, who will act as scorer and baggage-master, and Harold Dalton, the Essex C.C.C. masseur. Both went to Australia with the last M.C.C. touring party.



Bats in the making

Just across the road from Lord's are the workshops of a firm which has been making cricket bats for 86 years. One of the craftsmen, 81-year-old Mr. George Hunt, passes on some of his knowledge to 17-year-old Ronald Perry.

THE seven New Zealand cricket players make yet another team to challenge us this season. They will play five three-day Tests, the first in England since 1937.

Says Godfrey Evans

GODFREY EVANS, the Kent and England wicket-keeper, has probably seen as much cricket since the war as any other player in the world, and he draws on this great experience in his new book, *Action in Cricket* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.).

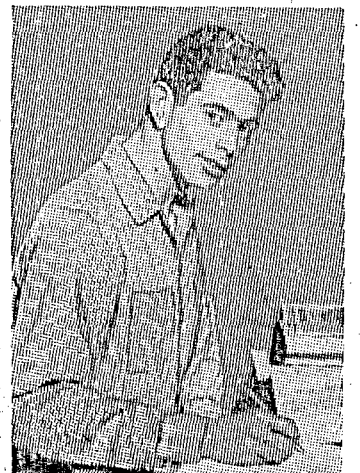
In his lively way, he recalls many of the games in which he has played, and gives his views on a variety of subjects concerning the game.

THIS week an international women's hockey festival is taking place in Sydney, and British teams are competing. The party, which left these shores some weeks ago, comprises 22 English players, 16 from Scotland, and 15 from Ireland.

Working agreement

ALAN MILLS, of Formby, Lancashire, is a promising young tennis player as well as an apprentice electrician—with very understanding employers. They have agreed to give him time off to play in tournaments so that he can prepare for Wimbledon. Alan, on the other hand, has agreed that if he does not justify himself, he would forget tennis this year and concentrate on his work.

Four-minute miler



Jim Bailey, an Australian at Oregon University, U.S., gets back to his books after becoming the first person in America to run the mile in under four minutes.

DAVID SIMP, red-headed medical student of Duke University, North Carolina, went to the Varsity on a baseball scholarship, but it is as a sprinter that he is achieving fame. On indoor tracks last winter he set up a number of records at distances from 60 to 100 yards. Now he has gained two world records on outdoor tracks—the 220 yards low hurdles (in 22.2 seconds), and the 220 yards (in 20.1 seconds).

Ye olde advice

A SHORT Introduction for to Learne to Swimme was the title of a book recently sold in London. Published in 1595, it is the earliest book in English on how to swim, and was "translated into English for the better instruction of those who understand not the Latine tongue."

CHAMPION cyclist Reg Harris is determined to make the "Harris Stadium" he now runs at Fallowfield, Manchester, the centre of first-class cycle racing in Britain. On Saturday he stages an international match between the leading riders of England, Germany, and Italy in races that should prove to be an Olympic preview.

THE boys of the Littleover County Primary School football team are champions of the Trent Valley area for the fifth successive year.

Young all-rounder



At 13 Robin Davenport of Staines, Middlesex, has made quite a name for himself in sport. At his preparatory school he was captain of Soccer, vice-captain of cricket, and long jump champion. He now plays for his school under-14 Rugby team, and has a golf handicap of 17.

IN 1927 a Cambridge undergraduate walked from Oxford to Cambridge in 23 hours 35 minutes. Since then many attempts have been made to lower that time, but not until recently was a new record set up, by three Oxford undergraduates. The first man home was Ken Metzner (St. Edmund's Hall), who covered the 78 miles in 22 hours 28 minutes. His colleagues were Jeremy Hewett (Corpus Christi) and Ian Morren (St. Edmund's Hall), who also broke the 1927 record.



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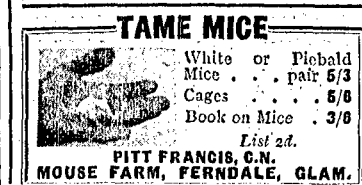
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LOOKING AT THE SKY

THE PLOUGH'S FAMILY OF SUNS

THE great constellation of Ursa Major is now occupying a large area of the overhead sky in the evening. Most prominent are the seven stars popularly known as the Plough in Britain and as the Dipper in America. This is due to the outline the stars present, as may be seen from the star-map.

These seven stars have also been known for centuries as Charles's Wain (Wagon), the three bright stars Epsilon, Zeta, and Eta symbolising the horses. Actually, since Roman times these stars have represented the remarkable tail of the Great Bear and the others his back; from this we get some idea of the immensity of this constellation, so much adorned with celestial marvels.

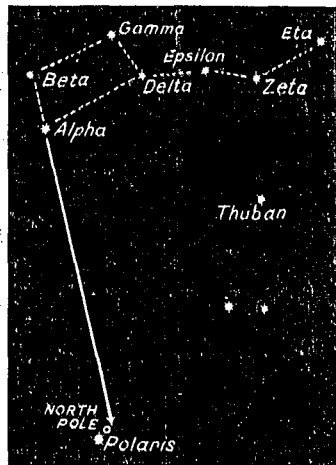
BEST KNOWN GROUP

The Plough is the best-known group of stars in the heavens, chiefly because it is always to be seen on a clear night as it travels round the North Pole of the sky, and also because the two stars Alpha and Beta point almost directly toward Polaris, the star which indicates the true north.

The seven stars are, however, not always in the same section of the northern heavens. Though they are overhead now in the evening, they will be low in the far north in mid-winter, in the north-west in the autumn, and in the

north-east sky during the Spring months.

Moreover, these positions apply only to the evening hours until about nine o'clock. By the early morning and approximately before daybreak the situation of the Plough will be found to be re-



The Plough as seen at daybreak

versed, and instead of overhead it will be low down above the northern horizon. But, nevertheless, Alpha and Beta will still be pointing due north.

Five of these stars of the Plough—Beta, Gamma, Delta, Zeta, and Epsilon—with some smaller stars in the area, constitute a most remarkable "family" of which all

members are speeding in the same direction—that is, toward the east as we observe them, while Alpha and Eta are travelling in an almost opposite direction.

The members of the "family" are all of a similar type of sun, and at an average distance of from 62 to 77 light-years from us. They appear to have had a common source of origin, and are all much larger and hotter than our Sun.

SOLAR SYSTEM OF FOUR

Zeta is remarkable in being a solar system of four suns, two of them having a diameter about three times that of our Sun and revolving round a common centre of gravity in about 20½ days. At a very great distance from these are two much smaller companion suns which may revolve round the others.

Eta, not a member of the "family," is twice as far away and 130 light-years distant. It is a giant sun radiating 240 times more light and heat than ours.

Alpha, the other "outsider," is a sun very similar to ours but much larger, and radiating about 60 times more light which takes about 67 years to reach us. Alpha has a large planetary body which revolves round it in a period of 44 years and is partly eclipsed every eight years.

G. F. M.



Refresher course

Janet Ferguson is one of Britain's few women flying instructors. Here she is, at Denham Flying Club, checking her map before taking off on a cross-country flight. With her is her pupil, Brian Edmondson, a qualified pilot taking a refresher course.

Stamp News

A SPECIAL stamp in honour of Children's Day has been issued in Formosa.

BUTTERFLIES will be shown on a pair of Japanese stamps soon.

THE Alamo Fort, where Davy Crockett and other American heroes died, is to appear on a U.S. issue.

A NEW set from Mexico will mark the centenary of her stamps.

STILL KNOCKING THEM UP

The last knocker-up employed by the National Coal Board in the North-East coalfield is 77-year-old Mr. William Batey, of Mickley, Northumberland.

The oldest man on the Board's payroll on Tyneside, he has been employed by the same colliery for 65 years. His ten sons, three sons-in-law, and a grandson all work in the pits.

Among the miners he knocks up are three of his own sons.

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FRY'S CARAMETS

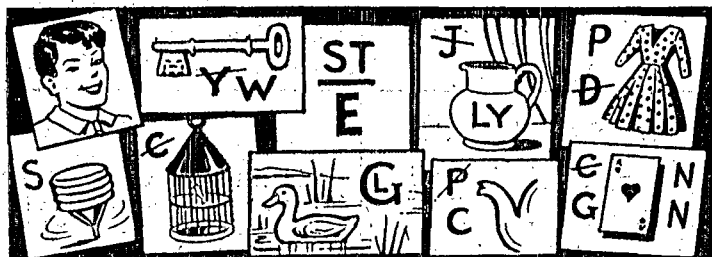
THE BRAN TUB

WEIGHTY PROBLEM

CRIED old Professor Round to his friend Professor Boon: "It is practically finished, we shall soon be on the Moon. This space-ship I've perfected, every detail has been planned. From the time we leave the Earth until on the Moon we land. Our names will then be spoken, for very many years, in tones of breathless wonder: 'Round and Boon, Moon pioneers.' There is just one problem left to which an answer must be found—How does one get five hundred tons of space-ship off the ground?"

CAN YOU PAIR THESE PICTURES?

EACH picture can be paired with another to form two words often associated with each other.



MAKE-BELIEVE

"**W**HAT are you doing?" demanded an officer of a private who had stood up while on manoeuvres. "Didn't I tell you that you were in the imaginary line of fire of the enemy?" "Oh, that's all right, sir. I'm standing behind an imaginary rock."

PLACE THE PLACES

Can you say in which books these buildings are mentioned?

ADMIRAL Benbow Inn, Dotheboys Hall, Toad Hall, Arnwood, Dorlcote Mill, Thornfield Hall.

Answers in column 5

FAIR GAME

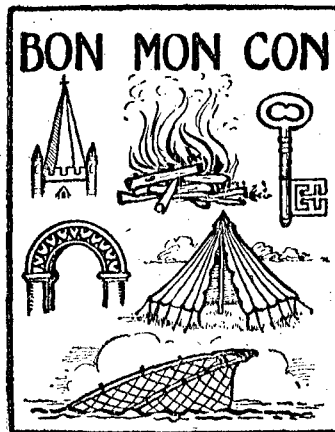
"**H**ALLO," said the voice on the telephone, "is that the game-keeper?" "Yes."

"Oh, good. Would you please give me some suggestions for a child's birthday party?"

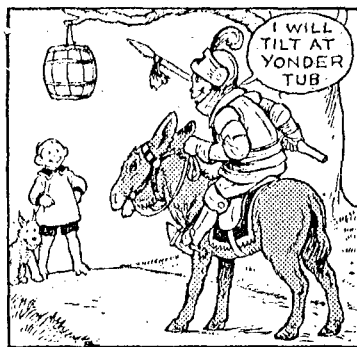
WORD MAKING

Six words can be made by adding the objects drawn to a group of the letters shown. Do you know what the words are?

Answers in column 5



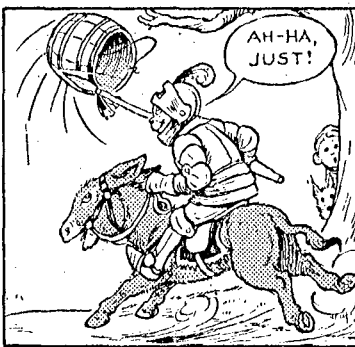
JACKO MAKES A HIT AT HIS TOURNAMENT



TOUGH

"**W**HAT are you doing?" the pupil was asked.

"Concrete fractions," came the answer, "and I'm finding them rather hard."



TEASER

WHY is a man walking towards a street lamp like one about to get off a bus?

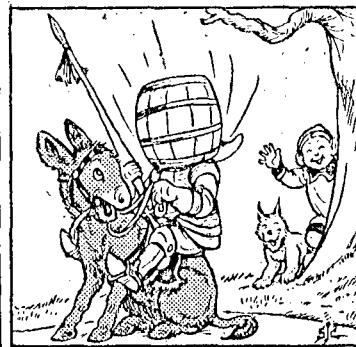
Because they are both going to light.

SINGULAR PLURAL

"**I** THINK grammar is very easy," boasted a pupil.

"Do you?" said his friend; "then tell me the plural of sugar."

"Lumps," came the reply.



FINISH THE BOOKS

Can you complete these book titles by adding the appropriate colour?

— Beauty.
The — Pimpernel.
The — Gauntlet.
The — Bird.
Palgrave's — Treasury (of Poems).
The Woman in —

Answers in column 5

Crossword puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Eat off it. 5 Fuss. 8 Act of refusing. 9 Exhausted. 11 Young goat. 12 Metal. 13 Sergeant-Major. 15 French for vivacity or liveliness. 17 Sour or tart. 20 Alternative. 22 Pronoun. 23 Limb. 25 Fat. 27 Lithe. 28 London Missionary Society. 29 Bound with tape.

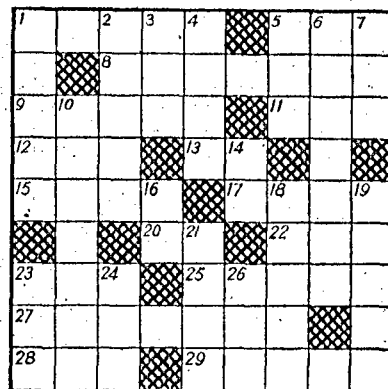
READING DOWN. 1 For sticking paper. 2 Scene of combat. 3 Number. 4 Newts. 5 Request. 6 They often grow on lawns. 7 Ancient. 10 Traveller. 14 Master of Arts. 16 Negative. 18 Sound of young bird. 19 Fear. 21 Every plant has one. 23 Everything. 24 Manuscripts. 26 British Medical Association.

FIND THEM

USING only some of the letters of each word, can you find . . .

A British animal in potatoes?
A garden flower in horse?
A tree in elephant?
A large bird in gazelle?
A fruit in giraffe?
An Australian bird in mule?
An insect in ginger beer?
A tool in wasp?

Answers in column 5



Answers next week

WAITING TO SEE THE QUEEN THE daisies, in frills, took their place on the lawn.

The poppies peeped out from the ripening corn.
The busy birds watched from the trees nearby.

A squirrel looked down with a wondering eye.

"We fear that we may have forgotten the date.

For her Majesty surely would never be late.

Tell us, oh, tell us, where can the Queen be?

We are longing her beauty and grandeur to see."

But they waited in vain for the Queen to arrive.

Special business had kept her at home—in the hive!

BEDTIME TALE

DOE FAWN FINDS THE ANSWER

DOE FAWN Roe Deer was living in the forest with her parents, Father Buck and Mother Hind. Each May evening they left the birch thicket where they had slept all day and went to feed.

Sometimes they met other Roe Deer families there, and then Doe Fawn would play with the other young does. But often she thought about her brother, Buck Fawn, who had gone away last autumn to join a party of young bucks.

"If only he were here to play with me!" she kept saying to her mother.

And then, one morning, her mother went away, too.

Father Buck only grunted each time Doe Fawn asked that day where she had gone. And, in the evening, when they visited the cornfield, Doe Fawn could not eat much; and soon she went back into the forest searching for her mother. But in vain.

For days and nights this went on, and Doe Fawn grew sadder and sadder. Often she did not go out with her father. "Perhaps," she said to herself one evening, "perhaps mother went away because she thought I didn't love her as I wanted Brother Fawn back."

And then she thought: "If I don't go out with father more, maybe he'll think I don't love him, either, and go away, too."

So she bounded off to the cornfield. She had just reached its edge when she stopped and stared. For trotting towards her came her mother. And beside her were two tiny dappled fawns.

"Here is a new brother for you, and a new sister, too," said Mother Hind. "They are old enough now to leave their secret nursery."

"So that's why you went away!" cried Doe Fawn. "Come and play, new brother and sister!"

JANE THORNICROFT

SPOT THE . . .

GREAT BROWN WATER-BEETLE as he rises to the pond's surface. He will pause for a moment and then dive below, taking with him a supply of air which he has trapped in a small space beneath his wings.



These huge beetles are over an inch long. The wing cases of the female are furrowed, but those of the male are smooth. The female makes slits in the stems of water plants, and in them deposits her eggs.

These beetles are carnivorous and are the terror of the ponds which they inhabit. Even fish and newts are attacked.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ CORNER

- A sheet of writing paper measuring about 12-13 inches by 15-17 inches. The term originated from a water-mark showing a jester's, or fool's, cap and bells, which was once used by old paper-makers.
- A stethoscope (from two Greek words meaning "chest" and "watcher").
- James the Sixth of Scotland (reigned from 1567) became James the First of England (reigned 1603-1625).
- The Empire State Building, New York. It has 102 stories, and is 1472 feet high.
- 35 species and 12 varieties.
- The slowest move a few inches a day, the fastest several feet, according to the season.

CORRECTION

In Answers to Quiz Corner for May 12 we said that Lancashire was one of the counties surrounding Derbyshire. While the two counties come very close at no point do their boundaries actually touch.

BRAN TUB ANSWERS

Picture pairs. Boy Scout, Kew Gardens, Stone Age, Ugly Duckling, Stop Press. Place the places. Treasure Island, Nicholas Nickleby, The Wind in the Willows, Children of the New Forest, The Mill on the Floss, Jane Eyre. Word making. Bonnet, bonfire, monarch, monkey, conspire, content. Find them. Stout, rose, plane, eagle, fig, emu, bee, saw. Finish the books. Black Beauty, The Scarlet Pimpernel, The Red Gauntlet, The Blue Bird, The Golden Treasury, The Woman in White.

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